Edward will not be tied to his brothers wills.
Quee My Lords, do me but right, and you must confeſſe,
Before it pleaſde his highneſſe to aduance
My ſtate to title of a Queene,
That I was not ignoble in my birth.
Edv. Forbeare my Loue, to fawne vpon their frownes,
For thee they muſt obay, nay ſhall obay,
And if they looke for fauour at my hands.
Mont. My Lord, heere is the meſſenger returnde from (Fraunce

Enter a Meſſenger.

Edw. Now ſirra, What letters, or what newes?
Meſ. No letters my Lord; and ſuch newes, as without your Highneſſe ſpetiall pardon, I dare not relate.
Edvv. We pardon thee: and as neere as thou canſt, tell me What ſaid *Lewis* to our letters?
Meſ. At my departure theſe were his verie wordes,
Go tell falſe *Edward*, thy ſuppoſed King,
That *Lewis* of Fraunce is ſending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him and his new bride.
Ed. Is *Lewis* ſo braue? belike he thinkes me *Hemy*.
But what ſaide Lady *Bona* to theſe wrongs? (ſhortly,
Meſ. Tell him (quoth ſhe) in hope hee'l proue a widdower Ile weare the willow garland for his ſake,
Ed. She had the wrong indeed; ſhe could ſay litle leſſe:
But what ſaid *Henries* Queene? for as I heare ſhe was then in place.
Meſ. Tell him (quoth ſhe) my mourning weedes be done:
And I am readie to put armour on.
Ed. Then belike ſhe meanes to plaie the *Amazon*.
But what ſaid *Warwicke* to theſe iniuries?
Meſ He more incenſed then the reſt my Lord,
Tell him (quoth he) that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.
Ed. Ha, Durſt the traitour breath out ſuch proud words?
But I will arme me to preuent the worſt.
But what, is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret*?
Meſ. I my good Lord, they are ſo linkt in friendſhippe, That

That young Prince &
Cla. The elder? bel
All you that loue me,

Ed Clarence, and S
What ſaie you brothe
Glo. I, my Lord, in
For why hath nature
But that I ſhould be
For if I would, I cann
Ed. Penbrooke, go
Pitch vp my Tent; fo
I meane to reſt: and
Ile march to meet pr
Thoſe ſtragling troo
But ere I goe *Monta*
You of all the reſt are
In bloud to *Warwicke*
You fauour him more
Speake trulie, for I ha
Then hollow friende
Mon. So God help
Haſt. And *Haſting*
Ed. It ſhall ſuffice

Enter Wa

War. Truſt me my
The common people
But ſee where *Somme*
Speake ſuddenly my
Cla. Feare not that
VVar. Then gentl
And welcome *Somme*
To reſt miſtruſtfull, w
Hath paund an open
Elſe might I thinke th
Were but a faigned fr